

My 211A Poem:

Why? Why? Why?

Oh, I lament the days when Wednesdays were carefree,
the night that all of my favorite shows were on TV,
the night when the parental units were gone,
so Ting and I could frolic nearly all night long.

Oh, I lament the days when Wednesdays were mine,
the nights when Voyager at 8pm would fly,
the day that marked the hump of the week
and signified the weekend was soon to be seen.

Oh, I lament the days when Wednesdays were gay,
when I didn't have homework due for two days.
when I could wait for Thursday to come
before I freaked about what I hadn't done.

But now, oh now, I have phonology—
no, not the fun, metrical Optimality—
but, instead, I have the phon homework from Hell
that eats up my Wednesdays, all and well.

And causes me abso-FREAKING-lutely no sleep that night:
night of former hump day revelries of mine.
And Thursday morning comes, when it strikes ten,
I find that the whole night I have spent
slaving over morphemes, phonemes and more
until most of my hair I have torn
out with frustration,
What's that derivation?
What about this constraint?
Do you have the right rank?
Are you sure 'bout that rule?
(Oops, I think that's some drool....)
What?! It's about tones?
OT Tableaux?
UR and SR
I-O and My, oh!
How I lament the loss of my Wednesday days
that were torn and rent from me by 211A.

— Stephanie Sin-yun Shih, upon finishing the Lomongo homework.